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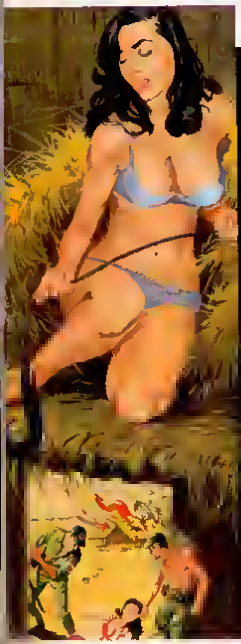

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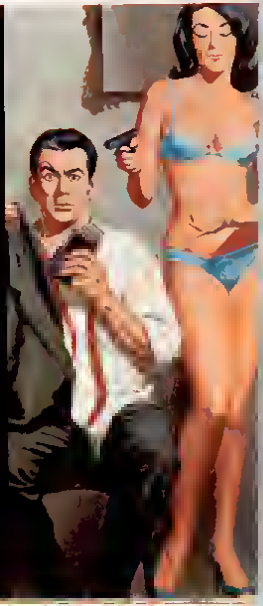

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TRUE MEN STORIES Volume 14 Number 1 December 1971 is published bi monthly by STANLEY PUBLICATIONS INC. 261 Fifth Ave. New York, N.Y. 10016. Single copy 50¢ subscription rate $3.00 per year. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Publisher cannot be responsible for loss or non-return of manuscripts photos or cartoons which will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped self addressed envelope bearing the correct postage. All unsolicited manuscripts, photos or cartoons accepted for publication will be paid for at our usual rates. Advertising representative, HAMMOND MEDIA CORP 120 East 56th Street, New York N.Y. 10022 Printed in the U.S.A.

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The wild frenzied mobs went in for rape as well as murder. For three horrifying days, no woman was safe anywhere.

New York's Day Of Blood

2,000 bodies littered the streets on this day of infamy!

by CARSON PAUL

THE ODDS WEREN T exactly even when the howling mob attacked the Third Avenue Armory in New York that hot July afternoon in 1863. There were ten thousand rabid men and women in the streets, and only thirty two policemen inside.

For over an hour the rioters had been battering the building with bricks and paving stones, shouting and brandishing weapons of every description. There were sledge hammers and crowbars, pieces of pipe and bars of iron, clubs and swords, and a few old muskets and pistols. The ragged streetwalkers who made up a part of the mob had armed themselves too. Some carried butcher knives and scissors, others had fire tongs and toasting forks—anything that would serve as a weapon.

It was Bloody Monday, the 13th of July, the first day of the Civil War draft riots in New York City. By a strange coincidence, the next day was the seventy-fourth anniversary of the Fall of the Paris Bastille to a bloody mob of revolutionists. It was only by the merest chance that Manhattan did not suffer the same fate. What the city did suffer was bad enough by any standards, but it could have been much worse.

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(Continued on page 12)

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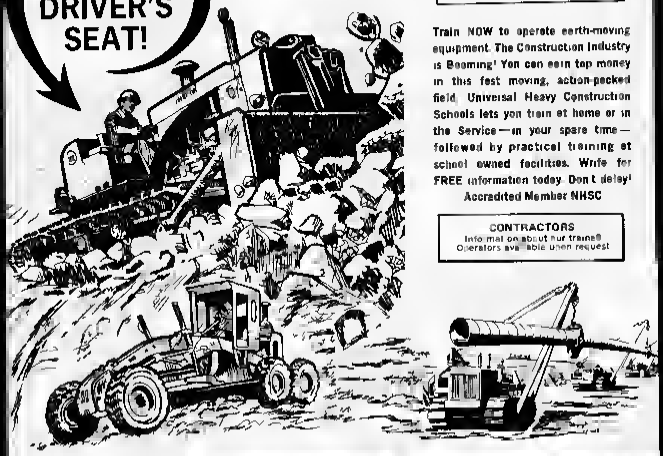

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New York's Day Of Blood

could wipe out the entire police force and take over the city in a reign of terror

The thirty two besieged defenders of the armory were members of the famous Broadway Squad led by Sergeant Burdick They had relieved a smaller squad of patrolmen that afternoon at two o'clock when several hundred people had started to crowd around the armory Armed with carbines in addition to their regular locust nightsticks and revolvers, the police had taken up their stand near the windows, say four o'clock the mob had grown to tremendous proportions and it was obvious that the attack would soon begin in earnest

Suddenly a giant of a man ran from the crowd to the main door of the armory and began smashing it in with a sledge hammer A panel gave way and another man eager to be the first to enter started to crawl through the opening He was immediately shot through the head by a policeman This sobered the mob for a moment and it fell back But soon a wave of men surged forward and began battering at the door with sledges crowbars and tree trunks. Sergeant Burdick knew that the building could not be defended and that once the door was breached he and his men would be overpowered by sheer weight of numbers They might be able to shoot down dozens of attackers but it was certain that no one of the police would be alive afterwards

Since it was equally impossible to fight their way through the mob out in front the only means of escape was through the rear where the rioters were guarding the exit with only a few men The exit itself—if it could be called that—was nothing more than a hole in the rear wall about eighteen inches by twelve inches with an eighteen foot drop to the alley below Every man in the Broadway Squad was well over six feet tall and weighed more than two hundred pounds But somehow each one managed to squeeze through the hole and drop to the ground Then they had to club a path through the mob's rear guard which was rapidly being reinforced as word of the breakout was shouted around the building Burdick and all his men finally made it to the Eighteenth Precinct station house on Twenty second Street leaving behind them some dead rioters and many with broken heads and smashed faces But within an hour the station house too was attacked and burned to the ground to flee to Police Headquarters on Mulberry Street

The mob rushed into the armory as soon as the main door was broken down There were a few guns on the first floor, but the bulk of them were stored in the drill room on the third floor While some stayed below to loot whatever was at hand hundreds of others ran upstairs and began pulling carbines out of the racks and filling their pockets with cartridges. Thinking that the police would return at any minute the rioters barricaded the door to the drill room This, an it turned out later was a fatal mistake

While all of this had been going on two detachments of police had been engaged in open street warfare with different mobs on Second Avenue and further up on Third After beating their way through the crowds they finally joined forces to form a group of over a hundred men and advanced upon the mob that was still milling around in front of the armory By using their heavy nightsticks on anything that stood in their way they opened a path to the battered-in door where they lined up four deep

At ward of the police arrival, most of the rioters on the lower floor of the armory rushed outside to help fight them off. Meanwhile, upstairs in the still-barricaded drill room hundreds of others were loading themselves down with as much of the looted munitions as they could get Then the men came out of the building they had to run the gauntlet of the police lanes where they were beaten down like rats by the flailing clubs

At the same time some of the rioters thought the police would retake the armory and to prevent this they set fires at various parts of the building. Soon the entire first floor was ablaze and as the structure was wooden and very old the timbers flooring and walls burned the flames along almost as fast as a train of black powder Those who remained of the building new were not clubbed down unless they were carrying carbines, and then they were beaten unmercifully

As the flames rose the rioters in the drill room tried to escape but the door had been barricaded so well it was some time before it could be opened A few managed to get out before the floor collapsed but most of them were tumbled into the fiery pit below A good many rushed in panic to the windows and jumped Those who were not killed instantly were horribly maimed.

THIS WAS the first major crime that was met and passed in the bloody four days of lawlessness which history has called the New York draft riots. It is true that the rioting started because of the conscription troops for the Union Army under the recently passed Enrollment Act but the vicious city wide anarchy that immediately followed the first outbreaks was due to entirely different causes The criminal element in New York that was responsible for the wholesale arson looting, murder and rape that went on in all parts of the city At the time it was estimated that the number of known criminals was as high as seventy to eighty thousand, most of them foreign born and living in filthy crowded dens in the Bowery on the East Side and around the notorious Five Points area Such gangs as the Dead Rabbits the Plug Uglies the Honeymoon Gang the Hudson Dusters the Bowery Boys the Atlantic Guards and many more had for years been brawling among themselves when they were not engaged in their criminal pursuits Only six years before else in July there had been a pitched battle between several of the Five Points and Bowery gangs which went on for three days. Until now the fighting and bloodshed and murder of these gangs had been restricted to their own slum neighborhoods This was the first time their terrorizing attacks had been unleashed upon the city as a whole.

On the meeting that began at ten o'clock on the morning of July 13th at the Ninth Ward enrollment house on the corner of Forty sixth Street and Third Avenue was just what the gangs had been waiting for They rushed out of the shanty by the hundreds and joined the already large mobs of protest that had gathered wherever the drawing of names for the draft was being carried on There was widespread resentment against the draft among the laborers because New York's quota had been set too high and also because of the $300 exemption under which the rich could buy their way out of service There was also considerable resentment among the foreign born population against Negroes first because they were held to be somehow responsible for the war and second because they had moved into the city in large numbers during the past few years and taken over a great many jobs. The original mobs of draft objectors were probably responsible for the burning and sacking of the enrollment offices in both the Ninth and Eighth wards and some of the attacks on Negroes and their homes But now the gangs moved in and took over command of the rioters inciting them to further fury and violence Day by day the looting and burning and there after the mobs were made up almost exclusively of gang members many of them former sworn enemies who now fought together against the law

It was the Irish gangs of course who planned the attack on the Third Avenue Armory and schemed to capture the entire city including all the banks and even the Sub-Treasury building! With most of the police away and only small garrisons of Union troops available from Governor's Island and the other harbor forts they knew that once they overpowered the police Manhattan Island would be in their hands.

After the fiasco at the armory the mob turned to the Union Steam Works which had been converted to a munitions factory and where an almost equally large supply of arms was stored in cases awaiting shipment to the Union Army Once again they defeated a relatively small police guard and gained possession of enough weapons and ammunition to carry out their plans But again for some unexplained reason instead of arming themselves and distributing the carbines they set up a garrison of some five hundred rioters inside to guard them against future use

An emergency force of around two hundred Metropolitan police was sent out from headquarters under the command of inspector Dilks After fighting their way through the streets for over an hour they finally reached the rebel stronghold where began a terrific hand-to-hand battle that was fought first by foot through the hallways and step by step up the corkscrew stairs of the building. The nightsticks of the police ran with blood and the rooms and halls were littered with dead and dying before they regained the still almost untouched cases of arms and ammunition The fight was carried to the very roof of the building, where many rioters were killed or died as they leaped down to the sidewalk below which was already covered with casualties from the earlier battle *(Continued on page 45)*

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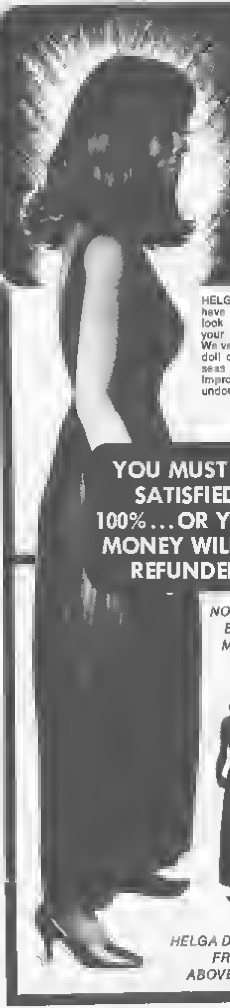

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SON OF A GUN
They raise em rough in London, England. A mother recently told a probation officer in that city about her 15-year-old son, who tells his parents when to go to bed, locks up the house at night, orders his meals served in a separate room, opens his father's mail, tells his mother not to speak to him unless spoken to. But, the mother protested, the only reason the boy played hooky from school was because he's shy!

•

VALID EXCUSE
Also in England, where justice is usually tempered with sound common sense. Albert Pastore explained to the judge that the reason he fled the scene of an accident involving his car was because, while driving with another woman, he spotted his wife in the street and his instinct warned him to put distance between the two girls. The charge was dismissed.

•

JUST PASSING BY
An upright householder in Memphis, Tennessee, was a bit surprised one day when a car shot off the road into his house through the wall and came to rest in his living room. Why don't you forget the whole thing," shouted the motorist as he rose from his wrecked auto. "It was just an accident!"

•

"DO UNTO OTHERS"
A Bible salesman in Terre Haute, Indiana complained angrily to the police that a rival seller of the Book had assaulted him and thrown him out of

his hotel, in an attempt to muscle into his territory.

•

PULL CREDIT
Charles Stone of El Paso, Texas, insisted on complete accuracy during his trial on charges of stealing an automobile. He refused to plead guilty to stealing a Cadillac, until the charge was changed to read "Cadillac Coupe de Ville" explaining haughtily that he never bothered with anything but the very best.

•

SHARE AND SHARE ALIKE
In Oklahoma City, Robert Simms Popeye strolled casually into a restaurant, surveyed the scene with a grand air, idled over to one of the booths, sidled up to another customer and blandly took a bite from the patron's hamburger. The result—a $7 fine.

•

LONGEVITY FORMULA
In Windsor Ontario, Captain Wallington B Sphears late of the Great Lakes

shipping circles, recently celebrated his 107th birthday. In reply to a request for his prescription for a long life he replied, "I drank plenty of whiskey and smoked all the black cigars I wanted. I still do when they'll give them to me."

•

BIDE YOUR TIME
Giovanni Patrini, 30-year-old resident of Turin, Italy recently received an official letter from the Italian Army. When he opened it, with trembling hands he read that his promotion to sergeant, first recommended back in 1909, had finally been approved.

•

IT AIN'T NO TRICK
In Baltimore Maryland, James Hipsley 39 years old was brought to court on a vagrancy charge. Asked by the judge if he had a job, he answered, "No, I live off the city." "How do you do that?" asked the judge as he handed Hipsley a three-month sentence. As Hipsley was being led away he shouted back his reply! "This is how!"

•

COULD BE
Patrice W Green, 20 year-old Haiti more resident, was finally awarded a divorce after she testified that a private detective, shadowing her errant husband, had trailed the spouse and another woman to a movie theater. The

bill featured, "This Could Be The Night." Any questions?

•

WHO'S SCARED
In Bellflower, California 27-year-old truck driver, Lon F Allen was explaining exactly why he had tried to run down a highway patrolman. "I wanted to prove that I was not afraid of a policeman."

•

WHAT DO YOU EXPECT
Donald J Dalman, 40 of Chicago, Illinois, was recently convicted of forgery and was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary. It seems that he had gotten into the habit of writing phony checks on a check writing machine that he had won in a poker game.

•

WOULDN'T YOU KNOW IT
In Tel Aviv Israel Moshe Tabatznik wanted more time in which to pay his income tax. The request was denied. So Mr Tabatznik now under the threat of court proceedings went to the Tax Collector's office and set fire to the files. He was successful in destroying more than 500 returns and records—but he failed to burn his own.

•

GET A HORSE
In Minot, North Dakota a riderless horse got loose one day. In the course

of its mad dash through the town it ran smack into Warren Melby's 1967 Chevrolet taxicab at a main intersection. The cab suffered more than $400 damage. The horse only a small leg cut.

•

IT'S FATE
Dr C H Robertson, scheduled to give a major address in Springfield, Ohio, to the meeting of the National Food Associates, was forced to call off his appearance. It seems that the good doctor was confined to his bed. He was suffering from a case of food poisoning.

•

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This blonde from Molly's boat knew that we boys in the South Pacific needed more than just letters from home. And she came to give us what we needed

In their flooting bordello, redheoded Molly Ryon and her fifty girl hustlers brought the "comforts" of home to our sex storved fighting men on the islonds of the South Pocific!

'You come to the right place,' Molly told the officer. "We heord how lonely you boys ore out here. We come to lend you o hond—ot thirty backs o tussle."

by L. J. ARNOLD

THE RUSTY looking motorship hove to in the greosy swells under the guns of the U.S. destroyer. She looked like o hermless three islond tromp—the kind they used to build in Glesgow. She didn't look like the kind of ship to give the U S Nevy trouble—but she was.

The *Minnie Ha Ha*, out of Nuevo Grende was ceusing the Nevy more trouble than o Jep battlewagon. After all, you could sink o bettlewagon, but no one knew whot to do with the *Minnie Ha Ha*.

The JG in charge of the boarding party pulled himself up the Jecobs ladder and over the reil. He had o speech all prepared, but he soon forgot it when he saw the women standing on the deck of the old motorboat. There must heve been obout fifty of them, and the big redhead in filmy black-mesh stockings and little else seemed to be the boss. 'Glad to heve you obeerd sailor," she said. "Me and the girls have been getting lonely.'

The J G gulped *(Continued on page 18)*

THE WW II CRUISE OF THE SHIP OF SEX

and he felt his face turning red. Behind him, the bosun's mate whistled between his buck teeth and said, "Oh my aching back. It's true! Them dog-faces didn't make it up!"

The J.G. said, "Which one of you, er, ladies, is Molly Ryan?"

"That's me sailor boy," laughed the red head, "What's on your dirty little mind, as if I didn't know?" The girls on deck tittered and one said, "He's kinda cute. I might take him home to raise."

"I'm here on official U.S. Navy business!" sputtered the red haired J.G. Behind him he could hear his men snickering. Molly Ryan grinned and nearly threw a hip out of joint putting her foot on the hatch cover. The J.G. was sweating more than the hot sun over the Philippine Sea called for. He hadn't seen a white woman in eighteen months and the curves on that red headed bitch were better than he'd been dreaming about. And he'd been dreaming as hard as he could. Hitting a brace he repeated his statement that he and his men were there on business.

"You've come to the right place, dearie!" the red head laughed. "This here's the finest collection of business women this side of Pearl Harbor."

"You admit that you're running a floating brothel?"

"Admit it? Hell, junior, I'm advertising it! By now, every goddam gyrene, swabby, and dog-face within five hundred miles knows me and the girls are anchored here. We're counting on it!"

"This's what I'm here for. You and your girls will have to leave this area. Orders of the Admiral."

"Orders of the Admiral, eh handsome? I can tell you what you can do with the Admiral."

"You don't understand!" sputtered the J.G. "This is a war zone. You can't come sailing in here with a ship load of . . ."

"Why not, Sonny? We're not hurting anybody. We're here to help! Me and the girls heard about how you boys out here on the islands were suffering from a rare tropical disease. We pooled our loot, chartered this garbage scow and came out here to see if we couldn't do something. At thirty bucks aussie!"

"But it's illegal!"

"The hell you say, junior! We're anchored three miles off the nearest island. Our ship is in the high seas—subject only to the laws of the country she's registered with. The banana republic whose proud flag waves from our fan-tail jacket, does not have any laws against prostitution. In fact, it's one of the leading industries of Nuevo Granada. You go back and tell your Admiral he'd better watch his step. Stopping a neutral vessel in time of war is a serious matter."

The J.G.'s shoulders sagged. He was a beaten man and he knew it.

"Let's go, men." He said, turning towards the Jacobs ladder.

The mate said, "Sir, we was supposed to bring them in under our guns for trial, remember?"

"Look, Saunders," the officer sighed, "I'm only a lousy J.G., not a sea lawyer. I'm tossing this right back in the old man's lap."

Molly called after him, "Why don't you come back out here tonight after duty, honey. I might give you a discount."

The J.G. and his men silently clambered down into the launch without answering. Molly turned to a tall blonde in a red panty girdle and snickered. "What'll you bet he comes back?"

MOLLY RYAN knew what she was talking about. It wasn't her first run in with the U.S. Navy. And it wouldn't be her last. She had the Army worried too. And neither one of them could figure out just what to do about her. There wasn't a hell of a lot they could do.

Molly Ryan was born in Butte, Montana, shortly after the first World War. By the time the second one broke out, she'd done time for hustling in half the states in the Union.

Since her native country didn't appreciate her talents, Molly drifted south of the border with a traveling man named Slippery Jim Wilson who etched her in Central America.

This didn't bother Molly half as much as it should have. Two things helped to ease the pain of slippery Jim's betrayal. One, there was a large U.S. air base nearby and two, her business was perfectly legal in that country.

She and a half Indian babe named Lolita Ramerez set up a man killing crib house a few miles from the base. In no time they were rich.

Nobody knows to this day whether Uncle Sam coralled out his boys from that base because of strategy or to save them from being ruined for life. Lolita drifted up to Panama City with a bag of tricks that would have startled the Marquis De Sade. She became a legend in her own right as the infamous Tiger Lady of Panama City.

Molly Ryan a more far seeing type of hustler, saw what was coming ahead of time and organized a syndicate to charter the *Minnie Ha Ha*. Shrewedly, Molly had known what the boys in the Pacific needed more than letters from home. And she knew there'd be a hell of a profit in bringing it to them.

The *Minnie Ha Ha* would heave anchor three miles off shore from an Army or Navy base and send a boatload of half naked girls ashore for provisions. From then on it went smooth as silk. With all that meat and all potatoes a lousy three miles away the boys didn't waste time getting out to the ship. A few of them actually swam it.

On some islands the brass was cooperative. The officers were human too, after all and couldn't very well say anything about the area visiting a ship they patronized themselves.

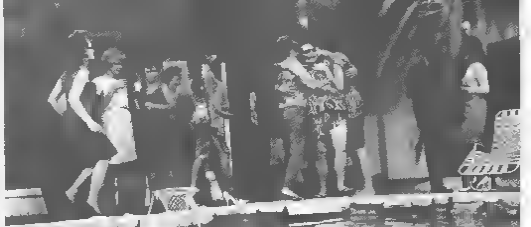
On other islands, the brass played it stuffy. They'd try to drive the *Minnie Ha Ha* away and, if that didn't work, place it off limits.

It slowed business down some. It never seemed to stop it. To keep a place off limits, the men watching it have to mean business. The M.P.'s and Shore Patrol boys hadn't seen any girls since statesside either. They were too busy taking advantage of Molly's special discount to Shore Patrol and M.P. personnel to bother about the other guys who got out to the steamer one way or another.

So, thumbing but nose at the U.S. Navy the *Minnie Ha Ha* went her merry way from island to island, just stopping long enough in her errand of mercy to relieve the garrison of their tropical diseases and payrolls.

Desperate theatre commanders sent frantic messages to Washington. There had to be some law the *Minnie Ha Ha* was breaking! In the Pentagon, lights burned overtime as legal eagles poured through volumes of forgotten sea laws. Try as they might, they couldn't find a statute on the books that would allow the navy to seize the *Minnie Ha Ha*.

Molly figured she had a good thing running for herself and the girls. As long as the war lasted, they were going to just keep hauling in the dough. But Molly forgot one thing. The U.S. Army and Navy might have respect for international law. The boys on the other side didn't. As far as the guys who sailed under the banner of the rising sun hell were concerned, international law was for suckers.



If the Island Command were lenient, Molly and her girls brought their professional skills to share. Officers, of course, had first pick.

MOLLY AND the girls had stayed out of the Jap's way. With U.S. Services men spread all over the South Pacific, it was a simple matter to keep away from the battle lines. At least that's what they thought. Molly had a war map in her salon with the combat zones marked off in red ink. The *Minnie Ha Ha* always stayed on the safe side of the red lines. But there was one thing wrong with that idea. The Japs didn't have the same lines drawn on *their* maps. Sailing up the Leyte Gulf, shortly after the landings in the South Philippines, the *Minnie Ha Ha* ran smack into a destroyer escort, shepherding a convoy of Jap troopships.

The bridge officer on the Jap destroyer was as nervous as a tom cat with turpentine under his tail. He could see the neutral flag waving over the stern of the *Minnie Ha Ha*. But flags are easy to fake and the Jap Navy was running scared.

Frothing between her teeth, the Jap escort vessel cut between the convoy and the *Minnie Ha Ha*. When Molly's skipper, sure of his immunity from either side, didn't alter course, the Jap destroyer put a shot across her bows.

A minute later, the startled Jap officer was rubbing his eyes. Handing his binoculars to his exec he said, "Take a look at this, Namura. Either I've been at sea too long or the deck of that ship is swarming with naked women!"

"It's a Yankee trick!" theuted the exec as he swept the decks of the *Minnie Ha Ha* with the glasses. Startled by the shots, Molly's girls had come boiling up out of their cabins in various states of undress.

"What could they be trying to pull?" stammered the bridge officer.

"Who knew what those round eyed devils are thinking? Sink them, before they get any closer!"

"Forward turret, fire all guns!" the bridge officer shouted. A thundering salvo of HE lashed the *Minnie Ha Ha* from stem to stern. They built them rugged in the Glasgow shipyards. The old motorboat went down gallantly after absorbing more shells than the Jap Navy could afford this late in the war.

But down she went, just the same, with her neutral flag still flying and not as much as a BB gun to fight back with. When it was all over, the destroyer circled through the oil slick and scattered debris.

"No survivors, sir!" sang the bosun. Curtly the officers nodded. With a wry grin, the exec said, "Too bad. Now we shall never know what they were up to."

Wistfully, the bridge officer, who'd been a long time away from the Yashawara girls, said, "And I did so want to find out if it was true what they say about American women."

The news traveled slowly. For a long while, nobody knew what had happened. Nobody knew why Molly Ryan and her girls didn't come around anymore to relieve them of their money and tropical diseases. Then the word got around. Molly had had time to send an S.O.S. when she went down and two days later the banana republic she was registered with declared war on the Japs.

Lonely men on the Pacific run got a funny look in their eyes when they thought about it. The brass might have been happy but they didn't say so. Molly had been nothing but a hard working hustler, but she'd been an honest one. No man ever got rolled on the *Minnie Ha Ha* and the girls had given them what they were paying for.

Some guys will tell you the battle of Leyte Gulf was to save the Philippines. Maybe it was. But guys who were there when the news of the *Minnie Ha Ha's* sinking got to the fleet will still argue the point. They'll tell you the sixteen-inch shell that crashed through the bridge of the Jap flag ship had, "Remember Pearl Harbor" written on it. Maybe. But those who should know say it read, "Remember Molly Ryan!" ●

LIVE STAG SHOWS *FOR MIXED AUDIENCES*

Traveling sex shows are pulling in the customers in droves all over this "puritonic" country of ours!

France has always led the way in sex. Here in Marseilles, two girl barkers urge passersby to see sex real slow.

by GRANDON MALONE

IF SEEING IS believing, then we'd have to say that this great and formerly Puritan country of ours is off on one of the wildest wingdings of sex in the history of this world. No longer is it true that folks from the country, that people from the farmlands and small towns are journeying to the city for their excursions into debauchery. Instead, today it's coming to them, rough, straight and unfurnished by every method of mass transportation known to the human race.

Like the medicine shows of the 70's and 80's, like vaudeville in the early years of this century, like the movies in the 20's and 30's, the sex circus has become a prime entertainment medium from—as the politicians used to say—the rock-bound coast of Maine to the sunny shores of California—and all stops in between. By latest estimates, more than 200—count 'em if you can—purveyors of intimate entertainment are doing land office business in at least 49 of our fifty states. And if, in this season of snow, ice and blizzard cold we ever get to go north to Alaska, we've no doubt we'll find that the vote is actually unanimous.

Of course the sex show, as such isn't really new. They've always been with us, a more or less regular feature of the red light districts. For a small extra fee, those ambiffous folks, with a taste for that sort of thing, could always arrange for an exhibition featuring some odd assortment of genders in a variety of mutual contortions designed to demonstrate the infinite capacity of human beings for novel reproductive methods. Whether or not this actually benefitted, or even informed and educated the viewers is moot. But while it's doubtful that any paying patron ever actually undertook to imitate what he—or in some cases she—saw, it is also noteworthy that few if any ever left the premises without loudly announcing that the show was "great." What they really thought is not recorded.

So, long as these shows remained a part and parcel of the major centers of national vice, the rest of the nation was able to sit smugly back and volubly denounce sin, safe in the knowledge that as soon as they had re-elected their own home-town "reform" tickets, they could immediately rush off to wicked New York, Chicago, New Orleans or where have you and heartily enjoy the very things at which they had wrung their hands in horror in their local landscape.

But things ain't that way no more. If anything, they're just the opposite. Today it's the big towns that are deeply engaged in "cleaning things up" and the city dwellers must now run off to the country to find the very things they'd formerly boasted of as prime tourist attractions.

As an example, a recent exhibition in one of our major cities set back its audience a cool two hundred clams apiece. While on the same night, a small town not more than 100 miles away was enjoying a similar enterprise at the more understandable admission charge of $5, straight. Not, mark you, that the girls and boys in the city cleared more than a couple of extra bucks. Rather, the cost of production, particularly pay-offs and assorted graft is frankly making the whole business uneconomic in the cities.

The vice gals and boys may not read philosophic treatises, but they do follow dollar and cents figures admirably. So, human nature being what it is, by the hundreds, they've taken to the road.

(Continued on page 47)

SKORZENY

The Nazi They Couldn't Beat

Nothing could daunt the ferociously doring German commondo who made a speciolty of olways performing the impossible!

by HENRY SALTON

THEY CALLED him "ths most dangerous man in Europe." And in all probability he was. For Otto Skorzeny, in the minds of many veterans of European politics and war, was, and still is, the one and only Nazi who really deserved the title "Superman!"

He was given the most impossible assignments, and then he promptly went about proving that they could be done. He was reckless, daring, imaginative, thoroughly fearless, inquisitive, analytical and completely devoted to the myth of German invincibility. And if his country failed to win the war, it certainly wasn't because of any short-comings on his part. From the German point of view, their biggest failure was their inability to provide themselves with more than one Skorzeny.

He got his job by accident. Invalided home from the Russian front where he had been a Lieutenant of Engineers, he was assigned on his recovery to desk duty in the German War Office. He was busily stagnating there in April, 1943, when General Staff received an order from Adolph Hitler to organize a unit of "Special Troops," on the style of the British Commandos.

Headquarters was unimpressed. As far as the Junker chieftains of the Wehrmacht were concerned, old Adolph's myth of military genius had long since evaporated. They had a real war on their hands. There wasn't time, there weren't resources to be wasted on extraneous nonsense.

Nevertheless, they had to do something. They were in no position to ignore the Fuehrer's direct order. Then somebody mentioned the young Engineer shavetail. And that was that. By nightfall he had been detailed "Chief, Special Troops!" As far as the OKW (OberKommandWehrmacht — High Command Army) was concerned, the sooner the new project was forgotten, the better.

But Skorzeny didn't know that he was supposed to be forgotten. He actually went out, recruited a cadre, organized it, trained it and even proved his claim to military genius, by cutting through miles of red tape to supply it.

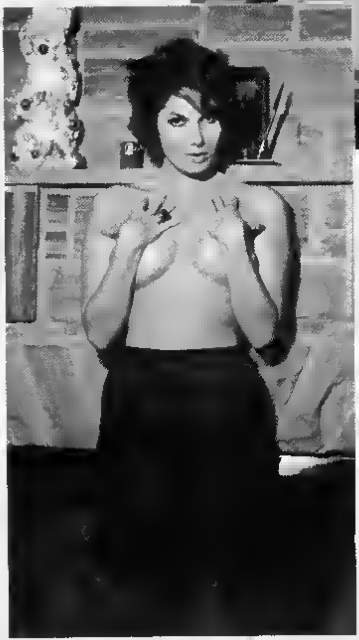
In July, 1943, less than 90 days later, Hitler—*who had not forgotten his order*—sent for the new Commando commander. For now that the Allies had landed in Sicily, the Italian people had panicked. Marshall Badoglio had taken over the government and had arrested Il Duce. Hitler wanted his friend, "the greatest Italian since the Caesars," rescued.

In this, his first big chance, Skorzeny immediately demonstrated the vast range of his potential. He was literally a one man army. First he had to find Mussolini. The search took him all over Italy. But methodically the lieutenant traced his quarry from Ponza Island, to

(Continued on page 40)

Olgo Petersson is anything but whot she seems. A sultry brunette, Olgo hails from Norway, that land of cold weather and colder blandes!

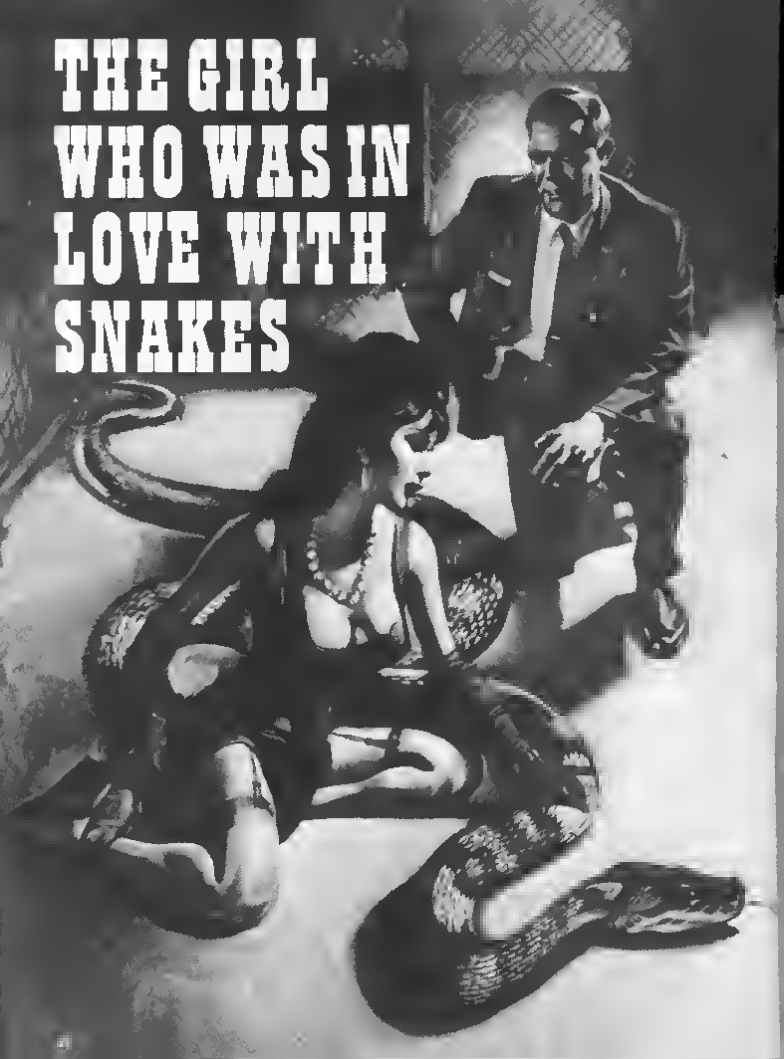
OLGA FROM OSLO



OLGA FROM OSLO

Olga, a dancer and a painter, is making gaad in bath fields. The gal has gat what it takes in all directians. Her measurements? Well, she's a divine 36-23-36".

THE GIRL WHO WAS IN LOVE WITH SNAKES



It wos my fault that the 28 foot python killer wos loose somewhere in the community, waiting for its first prey!

by FRANK NAYLOR

BY MIDNIGHT August 3 the terror had gripped onr county for more than eighteen hours Houses were closed doors double-locked The streets were deserted save for police and sheriff's cars that prowled everywhere and the volnnteer fool patrols which searched in the bushes and trees probing the shadowed acres with powerful flashlights

I sat in the sheriff's office, sweating By that time I was numb to the looks—half angry, half reproachful —that I was receiving from the worried deputies who bustled in and out of the office

Once again, I asked Pat Leahy, the Fairfield County Sheriff, to allow me to join in the hunt.

"I *can't* let you out," he'd grunted. "I'm keeping you here for your own protection. The people are scared—and they're in a damned ugly mood. God knows what they might do to you if they saw you wandering around. No, Frank. You'd better stay here. . . ."

I returned to the ante room and lit another cigarette. A loudspeaker was blaring out official calls. I listened to them—and my hands trembled.

"Cars 8 and 14 proceed immediately to 1690 Rowan Street. The tenants report something moving in their garden. . . . Car 9 stand by. We're getting a report from a store in area C-3. . . ."

It had been going on like that for eighteen hours—since 5:30 the previous morning, when I had drunkenly telephoned the police to report that a python was loose in Fairfield County!

The fault was mine—all mine. I should have had more sense than to do the stupid things I'd done the night before. After all, I had been dealing in snakes and small wild animals—selling them to circuses and carnivals—for years. One of the reasons authorities had allowed me to maintain my storage pens and cages in an outlying area, was that I had an excellent record for taking all possible safety precautions.

Until that bleary August morning, I'd had no trouble. I'd never "lost" an animal or snake. Not even the rhesus monkeys I sometimes had in stock—the escape-artists of the animal world—had never been able to get out of their cages.

But past performances would count for little—now that 28 feet of deadly, hungry python were loose somewhere!

The huge snake had a big head start. I'd gone into town at about 8:00 P.M. determined to have dinner in a restaurant and follow it up with a few drinks before returning home. It's something I do often, being a bachelor.

This night, things turned out a little differently, however. I was drinking in Jake Zeigler's Caravan Club bar when I bumped into Jinny, a dame I've known for a long time. We belted a few, danced a few times and soon got pretty chummy. The idea to buy a bottle and go out to my place was her's not mine—but I wasn't about to say no.

IT WAS STILL EARLY—about 11:00—when we got there. We killed half the jug, then Jinny wanted to see the animals. I switched on the floodlights out back.

I didn't have too much stock on hand—a brace of pumas, some monkeys, porcupines, foxes—small stuff. And, of course, the python. I'd gotten the snake the week before from a South American trapper. It was already sold to a carnival in Chillicothe, Ohio, but the carnie manager had asked me to hold the python for a few weeks until he was ready for it.

Jinny was fascinated by the snake. None of the other animals interested her half as much. She stood in front of the mesh-wire cage and stared at it as though hypnotized, taking sips absently from the highball glass.

"Open the cage, Frank," she pleaded, her nostrils flaring suddenly. "Please, Frank—*I want to touch it.*"

I was feeling no pain myself—otherwise I would never have done it. There wouldn't have been much danger under normal circumstances. A python is a fairly harmless brute—unless it's hungry or attacked. This one *was* hungry, but with the two of us—fully grown adults—it would do nothing.

At any rate, I unfastened the door to the cage and opened it. Jinny, her eyes wide and a little wild, climbed inside and stroked the great coiled

(Continued on page 46)

LESBIANISM

Psychologists cloim thar frigidity — fear of sex — can
best be removed by sexuol contoct with another womon!

A lesbian relationship is no bar to marriage or family responsibility. In Europe the AC-DC woman is quite common

The Answer to the Problem of FRIGID WOMEN

by NORTON McVICKERS

IF AS IT has been reported, one out of every six women fails to find any sexual pleasure in marriage, it is indeed a shocking statistic. The human body is so broadly conditioned to the utmost limits of performance that it is absolutely impossible to put that failure down to male technique. No matter how badly a husband may act no matter how poor his technique it is still almost beyond conception that any normal woman could derive zero satisfaction. Little perhaps, insufficient—probable. But none? That doesn't add up!

Yet when we look for confirming statistics from other nations, other societies other civilizations, we find ourselves isolated. Female frigidity to a similar percentage just doesn't exist beyond our borders. Figurewise Canada and Mexico, our immediate neighbors don't have one tenth our problem. Western Europe has even less. And these are nations with identical backgrounds to our own, nations from whom our own American way of life originally sprang.

The fact has nothing to do with European male technique. The European marrying a native born American girl finds exactly the same percentage of failure the American does.

Therefore it's obvious that the answer must be sought in the attitudes and conditioning of the average American girl. We can dismiss outlook, philosophy, and attitude directly. It's a physical problem we're dealing with, not a mental one. Therefore we must examine the physiology of sex.

This is something directly related to sex and therefore must be approached carefully at the most basic sexual level. In order to do this fairly the opinions of a number of scientists and sociologists were solicited both in this country and abroad. Strangely enough there was a remarkable unanimity in their general ideas, though naturally they did not agree in detail.

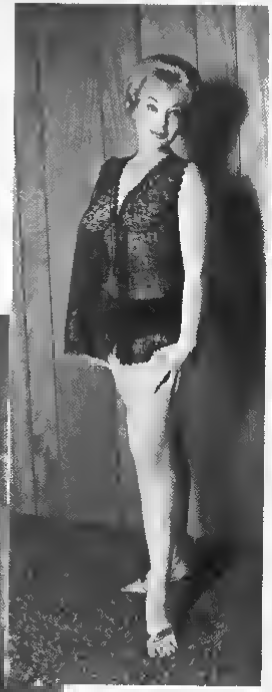
Dr. Helmar Alvigssen has dealt widely with similar problems in his own Scandinavian area. Here is what he has to say:

"I think your American civilization overstresses the group personality. Everyone must be made to fit closely to some fictional ideal. Your young women are under extra pressures to date, to be the good sport, to be the

(Continued on page 36)

Out olong filmdom woy, model Gerry Parker is known as "The Body". If you wonder why, they you had better hie yourself off to an occulist!

PARKER GIRL



The truth was that men sought sexual satisfaction with their own sex, while the gals swooned in the arms of other women. This dreadful state of affairs had resulted in a civilization dying on its feet

It wos the most amazing edict in oll history; "Any mon found, from this day onward, in any pase of love, with ony woman, shall be executed. All physical intercourse is now forbidden by law!"

ONLY THE GREEKS HAVE A WORD FOR IT

by TEDDY SPIROS

MEN ARE MEN and women women—thank heaven—and so long as the twain do meet all s right with the world. At least that s the way it's supposed to be. But then, the world is a funny place and an awful lot can happen between the first coy smile and that long center aisle.

Now back in that pleasant land my granddaddy called home—and I do mean Greece—there s more history per square mile than you can find anywhere on earth. And Greeks being Greeks most of it in one way or another concerns the art of love. For if there s anything in this old universe about love and its physical manifestations that wasn't invented by a Greek I'd like to know what it was. Good bad or indifferent we've tried it all.

The history of Greece goes back an awfully long way. But of all the great events that happened in those sea girt hills of paradise nothing was stranger wilder, or more devilishly fantastic than a small historical foot note that occurred some twenty two hundred years ago in that village of fighting men known as Sparta. You've heard of the place I'm sure. Not Athens—the other town they told you about in school the ancient capital of that unpronounceable peninsula—the Pelopennesus.

Now to begin with let me fill you in a little bit. Basically the Greeks like Gaul are divided into three parts—or clans. There are (Continued on page 37)

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general movie and television version of the romantic female. In practice this doesn't work. In my part of the world, young people are encouraged to experiment sexually but that encouragement is more permissive than your own. We are interested in the end result, not the interim ideal. If a girl's feelings do not fit in with what may be considered right it is hardly anyone's business but her own.

A lesbian relationship is definitely no bar to marriage or family responsibility. In fact, if the tendency is present, as it is in many women how much better for her to find it out and utilize it than to develop soul-searing repressions. More than 49% of all such lesbians can and do live extremely satisfying lives, finding happiness in marriage and motherhood. They have found that a moderate release of their abnormal desires increases their ability to sustain normal relationships, even permitting them to derive a great measure of pleasure from their ordinary sex patterns. Thus, what might be called "friendships" between married women are not uncommon. They help rather than hinder the regular marital state. It is only one in a thousand whose lesbianism is the dominant rather than the recessive characteristic who ends up an outcast. Unlike the male, woman can easily and happily absorb the double standard."

Professor Heinrich Gohler of Austria puts it another way.

"Let us understand the basic facts. There are two separate and distinct kinds of frigidity: that caused by neural structure and that caused by repression. For the woman whose nervous system is deficient there is and can be no cure. She is built to be frigid. But for others there is hope. There are many types of repression. Many can be cured by modern psychiatric treatment. Some can be cured by the use of special sexual techniques. Many can be cured by changes in surroundings and circumstances. Some frigidity is directed at specific individuals and can be cured by separating the subject from those she considers hostile. And finally there are those whose frigidity is caused by a general anti-male mental structure.

For these the cure is greater female contact. This contact may run from accented friendships with other women all the way to outright lesbianism. In dealing with this group one must determine the extent of the pro-female leanings and can run from a mild inclination. Obviously this differs in all women all the way to a totality.

If we dismiss those who are rated 98% and higher pro-female as practically incurable we find that a greater or lesser indulgence in their preferred pattern is of definite help in bringing back their natural responsiveness. Once this has been accomplished, then it is relatively simple to channel those responses into normal sex satisfaction.

They still require occasional permissive relapses but as time goes on the relapses become fewer. It is the denial that causes frigidity. Once denial has been removed there is not too much need for lesbianism. Naturally, all of this must be carried out under scientific counseling, careful and controlled conditions with the total understanding of all concerned. It is not a procedure that can be entered into lightly. Uncontrolled lesbian activity can be worse than frigidity. A woman unprepared for the results may easily be permanently perverted. These are dangers that cannot be overemphasized.

And in the United States, Peterson Morley Beame of the Central States Psychophysical Therapy Association allowed us to quote him as follows:

"A statistical survey of over two thousand typical cases has given the Association a sound basis for theoretical diagnosis. Frigidity in the strictest definition can be applied to a large percentage of American women. But it is only in a few isolated instances that we found a physical and mental structure so weak as to be totally unresponsive to any form of treatment. Less than one percent are beyond help insofar as we can apply our present day knowledge.

The others, all the others can definitely be led back to normality. The bulk of our recommended procedures involve complex psychological and psychiatric treatment. Yet we can say that in numerous cases a suppressed lesbian tendency is at the root of the problem. Mind you, we cannot in conscience recommend supervised lesbian activity even though its curative value is obvious. That would be equivalent to giving a woman cancer to cure her of heart trouble. But if there were a danger-free method by which this therapy could be applied it would definitely be an avenue worthy of exploration.

Naturally, most of these women, regardless of tendency, are not lesbians. But the conflict of normality and abnormality within them creates a situation that interferes with their natural responsiveness. Once the lesbian tendency has been released—and some of our patients have given way to that unnatural emotion before seeking our help—all we have to do is relieve their fears of abnormality and normal sex responsiveness follows almost immediately. But at the present time it would take someone far wiser

than we are to apply this method within reasonable, ethical and legal bounds. But we can say that almost any woman who is willing to ask for help can be positive of getting some relief from frigidity, and in 98% of the cases can get much relief."

In commenting on all of these learned opinions, a scientist who prefers to remain anonymous said:

What it all amounts to is that American civilization and morality are at the root of our problem. We're confusing lesbianism with homosexuality and they're not the same thing at all. Interrelationships between women have been going on since the beginning of time if not with the encouragement certainly with the tolerance of most of the human race. It's been recognized as largely harmless. It doesn't interfere in the least with family responsibility or the bearing and rearing of children. The same thing in a male does interfere does inhibit does prevent family relationships. And that's the biggest difference of all. If Americans could only realize the distinction we'd have no troubles at all."

In Europe generally the dual approach to sex is almost universal. The so called AC-DC woman is so common as to be ordinary. No one thinks twice about her. Nor does she worry about herself. She is happy in her double life and she is just as happy with her husband or lover as she is with her girl friend.

European literature abounds in these situations. And in these novels that mirror the actual facts of European life the husbands are happy too. As one said: "It's better for me for her to have a girl-friend than a lover. The first I might call my partner but the latter would definitely be a rival."

And they live just as they write. Interviews in six European countries showed that in Italy 25% of women have had some lesbian relationship; in France it was 26%; in Germany 21%; in Sweden 27%; in Belgium 22% and in Britain 17%. Of all the women who admitted to such acts only 11% were not married. Of those who were married some 93% of the husbands were completely aware of what was going on. Of the wives whose husbands did not know nearly half stated that the act or acts had taken place in the past and there was no reason to bring it up now since they had neither the desire nor intention of pursuing such a course of action ever again.

If we compare these figures for lesbianism with those of the United States where less than 4% of women are listed as "lesbian" we might be led to believe that we were a far better and healthier nation. But two facts refute this conclusion. First, surveys have shown that women admitting to one or more lesbian acts number far more than the modest figure of 4%; and second, our frigidity frequency is almost five times higher than that of our nearest rival and better than twelve times higher than the world average. In the Orient, frigidity is not even admitted. Among savage, uncivilized peoples, it isn't even known.

Some authorities have pointed out that in a number of these nations areas and tribes polygamy is universally practiced, quite openly. And in family units where there are many wives to each husband lesbian relationships between these multiple wives is just about universal. Frigidity and harem life don't go together.

Now this doesn't mean that an ordinary American woman by entering a casual lesbian relationship will improve or increase her sexual responsiveness. The human mind and the human body aren't that simple. There is a definite and close relationship between community outlook and national morality as against sexuality. The fears, worries and guilt feelings that such a relationship would inevitably develop would do far more harm than good.

We aren't Europeans nor orientals, nor savages. We can't merely adopt their behavior and expect it to work in our national civilization. We've got our entire upbringing, education and conditioning working against it. Many people have enough trouble adjusting to normal sex as a result of that conditioning without complicating it by what all of us believe to be unnatural.

American women who have tried it have for the most part suffered such pangs of guilt and fear as to permanently damage all hope of normal sexual responsiveness. Many whom psychiatry has found to be only slightly slanted toward lesbianism have gone whole hog into the halfworld of abnormal behavior.

Indications that lesbianism might be helpful are not definite proof. Nor are the statistics. True scientific proof can come only after long and arduous experimentation under tightly controlled conditions. None of the tests thus far conducted have met those scientific specifications.

Besides all of this, we cannot ignore the many cases recorded by science and medicine that point to contrary conclusions. Most modern medical opinion does NOT agree that lesbianism is helpful in cases of frigidity or anything else. It is believed today by almost all doctors in the United States that lesbianism is a true abnormality that it must be fought on each and every level of society, and those who are infected with it require treatment the same as any patient with some kind of disease.

Nor does any American religious organization tolerate lesbianism. To all religions it is a total moral evil and must be destroyed wherever it shows itself.

The only fair conclusion that can be reached is that frigidity is a complex thing. Its roots are deep. Certainly the tendency toward lesbianism is one of its causes, perhaps even a major cause. Possibly, in some instances, controlled lesbianism has been helpful; in others it has been harmful. We want to we need to learn a great deal more about the subject. After all, any knowledge is worth while and knowledge that can help women to reach a better and more satisfying life is worth almost any price we may have to pay for it.

We have only tried to bring out some hitherto unpublicized facts. Possibly they may have been of some interest to you. We certainly hope that they have given you some deeper insight into the problem. Frigidity is not hopeless. That much is definite. But the final answer is still in the future. Let's hope we don't have to long to wait. ✦

ONLY THE GREEKS

(Continued from page 35)

the Dorians of whom the Spartans are the best known, the Ionians—namely Athens and that bunch—and a third group from up north the Boetians, whom you might as well forget since they don't come into the story at all.

Back a long time ago, the Athenians and the Spartans had a war. Since it was fought entirely in Ionia and among the Aegean Sea islands and even off in Sicily, naturally it was called the Peloponesian War. Anyway, it was a rough fight. It lasted so many years that practically everyone who started it was dead long before it ended. Sparta won. They licked Athens hollow.

But that wasn't too surprising. After all, the Spartans were first class fighting men. They liked to fight. They were brought up to fight. In fact, from the moment they were old enough to walk, they were placed in a military school and taught fighting—and were trained to endure every conceivable type of hardship. To this day, the ruggedest kind of life is still called "Spartan." It had always been that way. They liked it.

Still, that kind of society hardly made for what we moderns would call a happy home life. Mama was lucky if she saw Papa much more than once a month. Considering the capacity of Greeks for loving, this made it tough on the populace. But as I've said the harder things were to bear, the better the Spartans liked it. They were gluttons for punishment.

But seriously, by the time the big war was over, things were in a bad way, at least in so far as Sparta was concerned. For thirty years or more, the men had been off fighting. And since there were far fewer Spartans than Athenians practically every able

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HAS it occurred to you yet, the heartache of thinning hair? You see it in the girl you're trying hard to impress. Her once lovely locks are now coming loose in handfuls. Her pride of your audacity gone or is looking at the crown of your head in disbelief. But even worse is the fact that others may have begun at about the...

"Gosh, I really thought he was too old for me."

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more delicately emphatic than it could possibly be in English. But the meaning was the same. Sex was abolished. Legally.

According to every historical tradition, it took a while for this new philosophy of life to sink in. The Spartans were confused. By all their training and disposition, they were a law abiding people. The official code of conduct was geared to them. They wanted to obey. They tried hard to obey. For to break the law was worse than a crime. It was, in their eyes nothing more or less than open treason.

So the men stayed with their fellows in the army and the girls had a ball, giving each other wild hen parties. Everyone worked hard to have a good time. And the citizenry were loud in their praise of the wisdom of their monarchs in setting such a lofty standard of living in giving the people what they so evidently desired.

And yet—I There was no doubt that things had changed. The men, who formerly wouldn't waste fifty-five seconds on any girl in Greece, plus couldn't seem to get the dames out of their minds. After all, how could they There was the law to think about. And one had to take particular care to remember it. And the girls, coyly averted their eyes as the men strode past them in the street. After all if they looked they might be tempted. It was much better to glance away That such conduct was thoroughly equivalent to flirting, never entered their pretty heads.

Now I don't suppose that more than one in a hundred of you cats is old enough to remember prohibition. But I'm certain that most of you have seen some of the jazz on TV And you must be aware that no sooner did the good old USA outlaw alcohol then suddenly, all over the land, everyone from parsons to pen mates suddenly discovered a taste for the stuff.

And so it was with sex, in Sparta. Out of a clear blue sky—and the sky is always blue over the Aegeans—curves became the rage. And bad little boys deserting the boudoirs of their aging masters, started inscribing nasty pictures on Sparta's pure marble walls It was all very bad taste to be sure. But it all added up Sparta was getting restless.

As any psychologist will tell you—especially if you're willing to pay him for the information—there are definite styles in the technique of love For example in America today, the old Anglo-Saxon methods reign supreme When we approach our wives or sweethearts, we do so in the Germanic tradition. As of the present, the bribe more native, and subtler nuances of the Mediterranean, peoples—the Latins the Greeks or the North Africans—are definitely taboo In fact, such activities are actually against the law in most States of the Union. That doesn't mean they aren't practised They are. But not officially, you understand.

In ancient Greece acts that we call perverted were in style That's all It was merely the fashion. For just as today, while only about 5% of the population were fags, the other 95% were 100% normal in their ultimate desires. The other? Why that was just an extra kick. Like a cial drinking for those who don't dig Martinis. They did it just to be friendly and fashionable.

But now that the normal was definitely illegal, the legal suddenly seemed nothing but one Hell of a bore. Canapes may seem tasty at a cocktail party, but for regular eating, a man wants steak and potatoes And if it comes to a choice, who needs sardines on salty crackers in the first place!

So as time went on, and the temptations for normal behaviour built up in the minds of men and women a few cracks in the solid wall of official morality began to appear Treason or not, a few hardy men and women, set out to break the law They took elaborate precautions, you understand but that doesn't excuse them in the least. They were criminals, dogs, obviously the dregs of polite society.

And it was dangerous, too. The Spartan police were efficient. Besides the ordinary watchfulness, they had a first-rate spy system Why a slave could even earn his freedom by uncovering treasonous beheviour

The first few lawbreakers were uncovered with pomp and circumstance. They were tried in elaborately correct courts And when they were convicted, as they definitely deserved to be, they were taken forthwith to the central market place of Sparta, and there in full view of the assembled populace were brutally beheaded, and their decapitated remains displayed till sunset over the splendid gates of the city

Unfortunately, this seemed to have little or no effect on those who witnessed this display of the power of the state. Far from putting the idea of sex out of their heads, it only fixed it more strongly

But the kings of Sparta meant it that way And just to make certain that the people's thoughts remained steady a bulletin was drawn up complete with pictures, describing in luscious detail, every act that was forbidden and this bulletin was posted prominently on a hundred strategically located walls. To our minds this may be considered pornography at its worst, but to the Greeks it wasn't the least bit out of the ordinary. After all unless you can be positive of what is against the law how can you be sure of obeying the rules.

So now, at every turn on every street corner, wherever they were or wherever they looked, the Spartans were being reminded of sex. And that, as any normal man knows, is mighty potent stuff. Sex after all is one of the two strongest stimuli in the human spirit ranking right along with self preservation. Some people even think it's stronger After all, many a man has risked his life for a woman.

What started as the gentle lapping of the waves, slowly grew into a flood tide. Spartans by the score began

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breaking the law at every opportunity. And since they say that "where there's a will there's a way," you need hardly be told that the byways to love grew tighter and more multifarious than the threads in a mosquito net.

Somehow, even the deadly efficiency of the police began to suffer. But who could blame them. First, the spies stopped reporting. How could they chance telling on their masters and mistresses, when they were just as busy breaking the law. They were too afraid that they'd be reported themselves. And second, the policemen were guilty too. They were so occupied in weaving devious plots to meet their own blessed damozels that they didn't have time to go about breaking up the thousands of illegal liasons that were taking place practically under their very noses.

A FEW MONTHS later things really got complicated. For the signs of all this illegal activity began to appear noticeable. Women are funny that way. They can't seem to keep a secret. True, the Greeks like all the world, love sweets but it would be stretching coincidence too far to try to believe that every women in Sparta was becoming fat, at the same time. It not only strained the imagination, it was straining their girdles as well.

Of course the Greeks were imaginative had a ready explanation. If you've ever read the myths and legends of Greece, you know that it was a common thing for old Zeus, Ares, Eros and other Gods of the Greek pantheon to descend to earth and take to their bosoms the comforting figures of human mates. Naturally no mortal woman could ever be blamed for acceding to a God's desires. These Gods must have been awfully busy in Sparta. For every girl with wit enough to invent a story, claimed that her advanced state of pregnancy was due to one of the lads from Mt Olympus.

The Kings nodded their royal heads and winked. Regardless of who was to blame, it looked like a bumper crop of new Spartans would be making their entrance any week now. That was what counted after all.

And such was indeed the case. For three long years while the unbelievable low remained on the books, the total female population of Sparta continued to bring forth young at a simply fantastic rate. By the end of that period, the population of the city had more than doubled. A full new generation was in being. Sparta was not going to disappear, just yet.

True, the discipline of the Army was suffering. But that was all right. It wouldn't be too long until the new crop of soldiers was trained. Besides most of the soldiers were ready for retirement, anyway.

So the time finally came, when the majority of the people coming to the conclusion that all this subterfuge was really very silly indeed, went and petitioned their monarchs to repeal the obnoxious law immediately.

The Kings, it must be said, were very decent about it all. First, they caused a poll to be taken, so that they could be certain that the citizens actually meant what they said. But when the vote went something better than 90% for repeal, they hesitated no longer. At a formal meeting of the electors, held as usual in the market place, the law against love was formally stricken from the books. And good riddance, too.

But it make for a major change in Sparta? That's a good question. I wish we knew the answer. Certainly, for the short haul, it had its effect. So long as the old generation lasted, the men and women who'd lived through the prohibition, the babies continued to emerge at regularly stated intervals.

But as time went on the old evil ways returned. And, much to the dismay of the Kings, the old-style discipline never did return to the army. Fifty years later, Alexander of Macedonia—a Boetian, remember them?—had little trouble in beating the outfit that was once the pride of Greece. Sparta decayed into little more than an overgrown village.

But that's another story. Some day, maybe I'll tell it to you!

SKORZENY

(Continued from page 23)

the Naval Base at La Spezia, to a villa in Sardinia. There, after making careful preparations, he discovered at the very last minute that Mussolini had been spirited away. He had to start all over again, from scratch.

After days of frantic searching Otto received an intelligence report that a resort hotel high in the hills over Abruzzi, 100 miles from Rome, had been taken over by the Italian Army. It was all the information he needed. Within 24 hours, he had Il Duce penned down again.

The hotel was isolated, high on a rocky crag, connected to the outside world only by a funicular railway. While it would be easy enough to capture the cable station, it would still be hopeless. The element of surprise would be lost. He couldn't hope to get up to the hotel in time. For rather than permit rescue, the Italian guards were under orders to execute their prisoner.

Otto decided to make a personal reconnaissance. What he saw was hardly encouraging. There was no place for a plane to land, and to chance dropping paratroopers would be to ask for failure. The only possible drop area was far too small. A miss by a chutist would leave him off drifting down the valley, completely out of reach of the target.

So characteristically, Skorzeny decided to make the attempt, anyway—with gliders.

Sending a unit of troops to capture the funicular cable station in a combined operation, Otto ordered 12

gliders into the air, a little after noon on September 12. Two of the gliders crashed on take-off, including the one carrying their Air Force guide. So Skorzeny took over that job too.

The gliders cut loose directly over the hotel. Bucking and slamming, they slid down on tricky currents, aiming for a nose first landing on a tiny rock-strewn, 45-degree plateau. Parachutes acted as brakes.

One glider crashed over the precipice, but none made it—although the ships were wrecked in the process.

While Italian police, and Army guards stood by, watching open-mouthed Skorzeny leapt from the splintered remains of his glider and dashed for the hotel, without even waiting to see if the rest of his men were even alive. They were. Not a shot was fired. The Italians still couldn't believe that what they had just seen was possible. And Skorzeny's men, moving like clockwork, raced through the grounds, overpowering strongpoints, kicking down machine guns, taking over communications, destroying radio and telephone equipment before the carbineers could recover.

In fifteen minutes it was all over. Mussolini was in German hands, leaving Abruzzi gracefully, riding in the car of the funicular, which had been easily captured by the other, the ground force unit of Skorzeny's command.

SKORZENY IMMEDIATELY became a hero. He was decorated promoted to Major, feted by Hitler personally, and given wide publicity in the German—and the Allied—press. It was a feat that would keep his name prominent in history But for the new Major, it was only a spectacular beginning to his career.

Within months, he was busy organizing an attempt to kidnap old Marshall Petain of Vichy, France. Orders, however, were countermanded at the last minute. Then after the invasion, when the Allied Armies threatened to over-run Europe in one ferocious burst of speed, it was Skorzeny who stopped their advance, personally training and commanding a group of frogmen, who swam down the Waal River in Holland hauling marine torpedoes with them. These were affixed to the girders of the main bridges at Nijmegan, fused and blown Skorzeny and his boys came out of that engagement with none killed and only two men wounded To the British and Americans it was tragedy For while the bridges were repaired in a few days, the delay was enough to permit the Nazis to isolate and destroy the advance elements at Arnheim The Rhine barrier was held and the war lengthened by a full year.

Characteristically, Skorzeny insisted on sharing the spotlight with his chief subordinate, Captain Hummel.

During the Battle of the Bulge, Skorzeny threw a surge of wild panic into the American front line troops by organizing a group of infiltrators who passed into the American lines wearing GI clothing, carrying GI equipment, and speaking perfect, American accented English. And when the rumor filtered down that he would attempt to kill or kidnap Eisenhower, it was enough to wreck the normal operations of the Paris headquarters, as the General was rushed to safety behind a solid cordon of guards. Skorzeny was taken *that* seriously.

And later on, it was Skorzeny who attempted to blow up the Remagen Bridge by the same frogman tactic he had used at Nijmegan. It took the efforts of almost an entire American Division to stop him And even then, many claim that it was the natural collapse of the Bridge, rather than any counter measures of our Army that kept Skorzeny from fulfilling his promise.

But whatever his other achievements, it was as a kidnapper of high ly placed personages that Skorzeny was most famous. American intelligence called him a "specialist" in that art—and for good reason For example, Hitler summoned him in late 1944

In Hungary the Fuehrer explained, where Admiral Horthy and his fascist Iron Guard had ruled since 1919, a million Germans were fighting against the Russians in the Carpathian Mountains, alongside the Hungarian Army Now it appeared that Horthy was thinking of making a deal with the Reds. On the surface, it might seem incredible, because the Admiral had always been a rabid anti-Communist. But if it happened not only would Germany's southern border be breached but a million desperately needed German soldiers would be lost.

Go to Budapest, Adolph told Otto, and do something about it.

It was an insane assignment. Compared to the Castle Hill in the heart of Budapest from which Horthy ruled, the lonely mountain hotel which had sheltered Mussolini was a thin paper bag Castle Hill was an ancient fortress, with rows on rows of solid stone walls, thousands of crack troops and any number of tanks and guns to guard its few gates, and a maze of underground passages through which new attacks and reinforcements could be mounted against any besiegers.

The very fact that he had succeeded in kidnapping Mussolini so daringly was a count against Otto Horthy like every top man in Europe at that time, was specially wary of kidnap attempts by the famous German commando.

Stepping out of an airliner in Budapest, using the role of a mild mannered tourist from Cologne, Skorzeny at first carefully avoided

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contact with other Germans, especially the military. He began by making his own reconnaissance. Then he questioned the few local Germans who seemed to have any useful information. It added up to one fact:

Old Admiral Horthy, in even considering a deal with his ancient enemy, the Reds, was not acting on his own. He was completely under the influence of his son, Nicholas Horthy, an ambitious young man who thought he could do better for himself dealing with Stalin than he could with Hitler.

On the surface the Germans and Hungarians were friendly with each other, and the Nazi diplomats wined and dined the local rulers in their Embassy on the top of the Hill. A few feet from the castle itself, but in actual fact, a wild scramble of espionage and treachery was going on. Skorzeny learned that Nicholas Horthy had already begun secret negotiations with the Russians. He was informed that young Horthy and his friends were scheduled to meet a group of Yugoslavs, who would be speaking for Stalin, in a villa outside the capital.

Surrounding the villa with his men, Skorzeny got ready to swoop in and capture Nicholas Horthy the instant he stepped out of his car. But instead of young Nicholas, it was the old Admiral himself climbed out. Otto wasn't ready to attack the ruler of Hungary yet. He hastily signaled his men to stay back in the shadows of the villa.

Another meeting was arranged this time in an office building on the banks of the Danube. And only young Nicholas was scheduled to attend. But according to plan, he was to be surrounded by Hungarian troops.

QUIETLY THE GERMANS rented office on the top floor of the same building Skorzeny still disguised as a tourist drove up alone and parked pretending to fiddle with his engine. Two of his men lounged on a nearby park bench. Other Germans strolled in the neighborhood and a strong force under one of his chief aids was posted in a quiet street off the square.

But the Hungarians were on guard too. An army truck was parked right behind Otto's car. And under its canvas he glimpsed three Hungarian officers and a machine gun. Other Hungarians were loitering in a nearby garden.

Two German policemen came strolling along the sidewalk. When they reached a spot in front of the door of the office building, they gave Skorzeny a wink, the signal that young Horthy was already inside—and suddenly turned and made a dash for the door. Instantly the machine gun in the truck began to chatter. One of the Germans spun around and rolled down the steps.

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Otto pulled the wounded man behind his car, at the same time firing at the truck with his pistol. His two men left the park bench and dashed over to join him. But the Hungarian loiterers in the garden leaped into the truck as reinforcements. The machine gun continued to shit viciously at the car while Skorzeny and his aides were crouching.

It was pistols against a machine gun Otto drew a whistle and blew three loud blasts. His reserve force came pounding out of the side street. Now that they were outnumbered, the Hungarians in the truck jumped out and made a dash, not for the office building where the meeting was going on but for the building next door.

Watching them go Skorzeny saw that the place was crammed with Hungarians, Horthy's guards Otto and his men grinning at the magnitude of the Magyar mistake, dashed for the office building, at the same time hurling grenades at the guard-room door. The blasts not only mowed down a few soldiers but they also tore down marble slabs, that crashed to the ground, blocking the Hungarian reserves. Even if they wanted to, the younger Horthy's guards couldn't get out.

Inside the doorway of the office building Otto met the rest of his men—the agents who had been posted in the rented offices on the top floor. While the fight had been going on outside, they had been busy. Now they held a squirming, cursing prisoner young Horthy himself. Grinning happily, Otto grabbed up a Persian rug from the floor and a curtain rope from a window, and made a neat if restless bundle of the Hungarian 'crown prince.' Within minutes the captive was handed out a side entrance, tossed into the body of a truck and toted off to the airport like a piece of baggage. A few hours later he was in Germany.

The bold success almost led to disaster. Admiral Horthy, furious at the Germans for kidnapping of his son, immediately announced an armistice with the Russians. But he did it so hastily however that in spite of the move the Germans had a brief breathing spell. The Hungarian troops, struggling in the mountains did not accept a radio speech, even one by the ruler as 'orders.' They went right on fighting.

Skorzeny decided that the only thing left to do, was to make a direct and immediate attack on Castle Hill. Assault in force was impossible. Airborne troops could be landed in only one spot, a narrow area between strongpoints where they would be surrounded by machine guns and probably mowed down even before they could assemble. To think of taking the solid walls of the old fortress by battering them with troops and guns was equally insane. It would not only be expensive, but it would start Germans and Hungarians fighting one another. Skorzeny persuaded the local Germans to go along with a more tricky scheme of deception.

During the afternoon and evening, as soon as the radio armistice had been declared, he began moving forces openly, but at a leisurely pace, up to the fortress walls. It was ridiculous on the face of it, the German troops were vastly outnumbered by the Hungarian defenders, and if the Nazis were thinking of a prolonged siege it was obvious that they could never maintain it.

The Hungarians and Germans were still supposedly friends, and at midnight a messenger from Hungarian headquarters on Castle Hill came down to complain about these hostile, though weak, military gestures. Skorzeny greeted him warmly. "Of course we're still friends!" Otto boomed amiably. "But why is the German Embassy up on Castle Hill, surrounded by a tight cordon of guns and men. Our people up there are being held virtually as prisoners. Why even the road down from the Hill thet they would ordinarily use is sown with mines and blocked with barricades?"

"I demand," said Skorzeny, "in the name of German dignity, that correct diplomatic courtesy be carried out, and that the road up the Hill to the Embassy be opened at once."

A red faced Hungarian messenger went back to headquarters — and Skorzeny crossed his fingers, hoping he had made the indignation pitch strong enough.

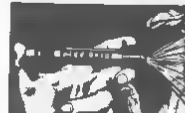
All that night Skorzeny held his men in check. Then, just before dawn, he moved them into final assault position close to the Castle walls. However he issued strict orders, "Safety catches on! No one is to fire, no matter what happens unless ordered to do so by an officer!"

Quietly, as dawn broke over Budapest, the convoy got under way. Pitifully thin, led by four Panzer tanks, some dwarf tanks, and the rest, a group of helplessly defenseless open personnel carriers the column gave the appearance of a brief parade rather than an attacking force. As a threat against the impregnable wall of Castle Hill it was a joke.

But that was exactly Skorzeny's idea. He gave the order to advance, and the column moved out. It was a ridiculously tiny party without scouts, or heavy weapons, or a single covering plane. It was obviously merely a routine convoy going up the Hill on business, to call on the German Embassy.

If the road was open, that is.

AS THE PANZERS rumbled close to the gate, Skorzeny sturdy in his command car, dressed in full uniform, held his breath. If the mines were still in place it would soon be



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all over. But they weren't. The convoy reached the first gate.

Miraculously, the gate was open. The Hungarian guards manning the barrier looked worried, but they made no move as the German vehicles rolled up and through. They had no orders to keep Germans from their Embassy. Skorzeny waved cheerfully as his car slid through the narrow opening, followed by the four Panzers, the dwarf tanks, and the personnel trucks.

On the convoy rode, clanking up the hill with noisy carelessness. In the turret of each Panzer stood its commander, resplendent in dress uniforms, saluting stiffly, with fine military correctness, every time they passed a Hungarian officer or guard post. The second gate was passed. Why not? If the guards at the first gate had followed the convoy through, those on the second certainly were safe in doing the same thing. Skorzeny smiled and waved cheerfully at the staring defenders.

They passed sandbag emplacements. They passed rows of machine guns. Without a backward glance, the little force offered a helpless target to the Hungarians. That is, if the Magyars wanted to start shooting. But they didn't. The very fact that they could have wiped out the Nazis so easily, persuaded the Hungarians that the Germans meant no harm. The convoy reached the top of the hill. The tanks and vehicles roared past the German Embassy, picking up speed; past the Hungarian Ministery of War, into the open square in front of the Castle.

Three tanks were ranged in front of the final gate, but their guns were *aimed* at the sky. Moving at top speed now, Skorzeny abruptly halted in time-wasting courtesies. He waved the first Panzer past his car. It crashed into the gate and broke through leaving a gaping hole. Skorzeny, followed by eight of his men, dashed through the hole.

The Hungarians jumped to the defense of their citadel. A colonel of the guard leaped up in front of Otto, pistol in hand. The German just behind Skorzeny snapped the gun out of the colonel's hand. Another Hungarian officer appeared. Otto barked at him 'Quick! I have to see your commandant at once. Where is he? Please hurry!"

Bewildered by the confident tone of this demand, the officer turned and led the way. He was no politician. If the Germans were being allowed into the Castle itself now, who was he to argue about it?

The Hungarian general without warning was suddenly faced by a huge, boldly self-confident officer of the German Reich, with a pistol conspicuous in his hand, demanding his surrender. Castle Hill, said the intruder, was in German hands. There was still some useless resistance going on, but it was suicidal. The general must order a cease-fire at once. Hungarians and Germans were old friends, they should not be shooting at each other.

As if on cue, Skorzeny's aids now began appearing at the door to report. The courtyard was secured. So was the main entrance. So were the halls of the Castle. Skorzeny looked at the Hungarian general. The man shrugged, as he let it, let the troops cease firing.

Smiling smoothly, Skorzeny grasped the general's hand in a burst of enthusiasm, and congratulated him warmly on preventing useless bloodshed. He asked that the officers of the castle be called together and when this was done Otto gave them a little speech on the beauty of brotherly understanding. His suddenly broadened Austrian accent made the idea of brotherhood more apparent, for not so long ago Austria and Hungary were partners in a great empire. In fact, wasn't Horthy himself the regent for the exiled emperor? Within a matter of hours, Skorzeny had not only the castle at his command, but the friendship of the Hungarian army as well. The two nations were once again solidified in the face of the common enemy, the Russians.

He didn't have Admiral Horthy, however. That old gentleman had preferred to slip out of the Castle and surrender himself to a German general whom he thought might be more understanding. But it didn't matter. A new group of Hungarians, partial to the Germans, had taken over the government. The armistice was cancelled, and the German and Hungarian troops in the mountains, who had never stopped fighting the Russians anyway, were now able to continue the battle side by side, to the bitter end.

Skorzeny, as constable of Castle Hill, moved into the Admiral's former quarters and for a few days, enjoyed the sumptuous furnishings of the apartment and the fine old wines of the Admiral's cellar. Then he had the fun of escorting Horthy back to Germany.

But being temporary ruler of a great nation was nothing new to Skorzeny. Earlier that year, in July, 1944 Otto Skorzeny was for almost two days in supreme command of the whole German war effort.

On July 20, 1944, a bomb exploded within a few feet of Hitler. It was the big attempt of the old line Junker High Command to rid itself once and for all of the insane ex-corporal. Skorzeny, now a member of Nazi dom's inner circle found it hard to believe that German officers could betray their trust in the midst of a war by attacking Germany's inspired Fushrer. But unlike the rest of the clique Skurzeny decided to investigate the rumors by going straight to the War Office.. where the revolt was said to have started.

Otto arrived just in time to see General Fromm head of the Army Staff, quietly clumbed into his car and order himself driven home.

Fromm had carefully waited until the result was obviously a failure. Then he had shot a few subordinate officers who were involved in it, and now was taking off before someone got the idea of shooting him.

When Skorzeny walked into the War Office, the place was a madhouse. No one knew what had happened, what to do, or what was going to happen next. The corpses of executed officers, lying unburied here and there about the building, had most of the government staff hysterical with fear.

So Skorzeny took over. For two days he issued orders, directed the bureaucracy back onto its accustomed tracks, signed troop movements, okayed shipments of guns, ammunition and other supplies, passed on production schedules and in fact directed the whole last effort of the dying German nation. On July 22, after thirty-six hours without rest, he was finally relieved by Heinrich Himmler himself. Hitler would not trust anyone else to take over the command of the War Office.

Strange as Skorzeny's adventures were as the one and only commando leader on the German side during the last ditch defense of Europe, his oddly frustrated efforts to surrender himself to the Allies after the final defeat of the Nazis were even stranger.

In May, 1945, the war was over. Skorzeny was in the German Alps, where he had been busy carrying out his last assignment from Hitler—the setting up of an Alpine Redoubt, from behind which Adolph and his remaining Supermen would continue to defy the world. But Hitler was dead. Alone with a few aides in the mountains, Otto heard the news that the war was over, and also that the Americans were combing the countryside looking for him.

"Wanted" posters calling for the arrest of the "most dangerous man in Europe" were flooding Germany and France. Dozens of harmless German officers and men were being locked up, merely on the chance that they might be Skorzeny in disguise. Otto wrote three letters to American headquarters, asking where they wanted him to appear. He got no answer. Apparently the letters were taken for another of the proverbial tricks.

Tired of hearing Luxembourg Radio and the newspapers repeat over and over again "The most diabolically clever man in Germany is still free," Skorzeny and three of his officers dressed up in their sharpest uniforms and made their way down out of the mountains.

They showed up at an American depot. The sergeant in charge a busy man, had never heard of Otto Skorzeny. He shook his head wearily. "Can't take the time to book any prisoners, fellows. I'll give you a jeep, though. Go on into Salzburg and let Divisional HQ take care of you, will you?"

The driver of the jeep, however, had heard of the famous commando. A Texan, he drawled casually, "Skorzeny, eh? I guess they'll be hanging you by tonight." He stopped at a tavern and bought his distinguished Nazi passengers a bottle of wine, out of sympathy.

Then the Texan, still casual as ever, drove them up to a hotel in Salzburg occupied by American troops, dumped them out on the sidewalk, with their guns still in their holsters, waved in farewell, and drove off.

In the hotel a busy major sent them to another HQ—still with their pistols at their sides—to pick up orders." Then the orders had to be signed at still another place, this time outside the city of Salzburg.

There, somebody suddenly caught on. This was Skorzeny, "the most dangerous man, etc., etc." He was politely ushered into a room and asked to sit down for questioning. The moment his big frame was comfortably settled in a chair, the doors and all the windows of the room were flung open and the snout of a machine gun was pushed through each one. Skorzeny was at last completely surrounded.

Quickly he was disarmed, searched to the skin, and bundled into a jeep with three men to guard him. One of the guards kept an automatic pressed to Skorzeny's heart every inch of the way back to Salzburg.

They arrived at night. His arms tied behind his back, Skorzeny was hustled into a big house blazing with lights to be questioned by a mob of officers and war correspondents, male and female. The females wrote shuddering stories about the Nazi gangster who had terrorized the Western Allies and threatened Eisenhower's life. Then the most dangerous man in Europe was taken to jail.

DAY OF BLOOD

(Continued from page 12)

After this victory all the remaining weapons were taken to police headquarters under a heavy guard. The Metropolitans alone by their bravery and skill at hand-to-hand combat had saved New York for the second time from the bloodthirsty gangs who planned its complete destruction. This end the battle for the armory were the turning points that prevented utter disaster for the city.

OPEN STREET warfare was carried on along Ninth Avenue and elsewhere with the rioters throwing up barricades of timbers rails and overturned wagons and horse cars. Whole blocks of stores were looted and their valuable contents looted. Hundreds of residences were broken into and pillaged. The Colored Orphan Asylum at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-sixth Street was burned and looted while its two hundred inmates barely managed to escape. The office of The Tribune, Horace Greeley's newspaper was attacked and finally Gathing guns were set up in the windows and a howitzer in the doorway for protection. The property damage was never fully determined, but it ran into the tens of millions of dollars. The number of deaths was estimated at anywhere from 1,500 to 2,000 and many of the casualties were suffered by gang members. No exact figures can be given because hundreds of bodies were taken away at night and buried in the basements and underground passages of the Five Points tenements.

The police with the aid of citizen volunteers and the few troops that were available, held off the rioters wherever they could during the first two days and a half. Then a detachment of the 12th Regulars arrived under Captain Putnam During that night and throughout the next day several regiments of the New York Militia returned from Pennsylvania, as well as some made up of veterans of the Army of the Potomac. Gradually the violence began to die down except near the tenement strong holds of the gangs and by Thursday night—except for isolated outbreaks—the rioting came to a stop.

For four days and three nights terror and sudden death had taken control of New York City. The newspapers of the time reported such events as the lynching of lone Negroes and the murder of Colonel O'Brien, leader of one of the special volunteer groups. O'Brien had been beaten and tortured and left to die in the hot July sun. From time to time rocks would be hurled at his dying body and at the very end a group of women friends came with fire hacked his body with knives then crushed it with stones.

But from the private diaries and journals of witnesses who lived through this reign of terror one can get a clearer picture of what went on. According to these reports no women was safe on the streets during the rioting and even the locked doors of their homes were no protection. Using the mob violence as a cover-up the sex fiends had a field day. At a time when no attention was paid to wholesale murder—and when dead bodies in the street were a common sight—it is no wonder that hundreds of rapes went unnoticed in the dark recesses of looted homes.

The first homes to be looted were those of the wealthy. After beating any men who were present and leaving them to the tender mercies of the female members of the mob, who often tortured and mutilated them they would occupy themselves with the woman. Often mothers and daughters were attacked at the same time—right in their own bedrooms. Sometimes such attacks developed into full scale orgies that lasted until morning, leaving wine cellars ransacked and wardrobes looted. By then the rioters would be dead drunk with the woman sprawling in stolen finery and the men snoring with bottles clutched in their hands. And too often the owners of the house would be dead or unconscious.

One woman and her fifteen-year old daughter who miraculously survived such a night of terror—the men of the house lay dead in the parlor down stairs—came to in the early hours of the morning to find seven men and three women rioters lying in a drunken stupor all over the upper rooms of the house. Without bothering to cover the nakedness of their own bruised bodies they staggered among the sleeping figures and managed to drag every one of

them to a third floor window from where they plunged them into the street Then for the next day and night they hid in the cellar of their ruined home while shouting rioters looked for them everywhere.

These were the horrors that began on Monday July 13 1835—a day of infamy in the history of New York City The fact that the riots weren't even worse was due to the bravery of the Metropolitan Police New York's finest had seen their finest hour ●

IN LOVE WITH SNAKES

(Continued from page 29)

tube She stayed inside the cage for five—maybe six—minutes just stroking it and even patting its ugly flat head Then she wanted to go back to the house—*fast*

She came out of the cage and grabbed me putting a few million volts into the kid she gave me digging her long fingernails into my shoulder

"Quick Frank—let's go ' she rasped hoarsely

I slammed the door to the cage Maybe *I* fastened it, maybe I didn't —but I was in no condition to be certain of anything, except that I wanted to get back into the house with the dame

It was dawn when we both calmed down. Jinny decided it would be a good idea if I took her home She had to be at work later in the morning and wanted to change her clothes.

"Okay," I grunted, pulling on my shoes "I'll get the car "

I went out back and saw that the floodlights were still burning Dimly, I remembered the incident at the python cage On a hunch, I decided to check the cage before getting the kids out of the garage

The cage was empty!

I searched the grounds frantically There wasn't a sign of the snake I could follow its trail to the road which ran in front of the house, but there, it ended

There was nothing left but to telephone the police I figured that a couple of patrol cars would be sent out and that the cops would quickly find the snake. I got a hellova lot more than I had bargained for

The local radio station picked up the story and put it on the air Reaction was swift There was actual danger sure—but the announcer built it up way out of proportion And, to make matters worse, the people listening were suddenly gripped by hysterical fear

Police and sheriff's office switchboards were jammed with calls from every corner of the county! The python had been "seen" here there, *everywhere*

It was useless for me to protest that it couldn't have reached Hyattsville—a town 23 miles from my place—in the time since I last saw it. People wouldn't believe me They were frightened and could only imagine the worst

THE POLICE HAD TO check every report—if for no other reason than to calm the citizens who telephoned As the hours passed the terror mounted. By that time I was already at the sheriff's office—and the deputies were rushing in and out, following up leads and tips that poured into their alarm central

Once we locate the monster, you'll have to take over, Frank" Sheriff Leahy told me "You know more about these damn things than we do "

That was fair enough but as the morning wore on—and became afternoon—the serpent had not yet been located Press and radio were having a field day There hadn't been anything like this in Fairfield County since the 1957 flood! It was a big story and it had all the elements The radio stations broadcast 'bulletins" every 15 minutes, describing the progress of the search Everybody began to climb aboard the bandwagon

A couple of small-time county politicians grabbed off headlines by calling upon the governor to mobilize the National Guard

Every citizen of Fairfield County is a potential victim of the monster now loose in its streets!" they charged dramatically "No one knows who will be the first to be crushed to death in the python's coils!"

Special correspondents and radio and TV men came down from the State capital They roved theough the county interviewing people, building up the "terror loose in Fairfield County " theme

The hysteria reached fever-pitch after nightfall There is always added fear after dark—fear of the unknown, fear that hideous things lurk and wait in the shadows

No report of anything definite yet Sheriff Leahy told the reporters who clamored for news shortly before midnight "Every available man is out looking We've formed volunteers patrols and posses but the important thing for the people is that they remain calm Panic can be more dangerous than the python "

His words were prophetic One terrified householder saw a movement in his garden—and let loose with both barrels of a 12 gauge shotgun He wounded his own wife —who was out in the yard taking in some clothes she'd forgotten on the drying-line!

A men suffered a heart attack when he thought he saw the snake on the sidewalk in front of his home Two little boys played a joke' on an old lady dumping a piece of old firehose on her porch She had to be taken to the hospital, suffering from nervous collapse

So it want I didn't have to be told that everyone in Fairfield County had me to blame The people wanted the snake captured—and barring that, they wanted my hide'

It was 3 00 A M when the payoff finally came There was no question about it this time The python had been spotted—at a cross-roads gas station and all-night beanery about two miles from my place The report came from two policemen already on the scene

"Come on ' Sheriff Leahy yelled at me 'Let's go!'

I would need only a rope and a net to capture the snake—and I had brought both with me The items were in a prowl car parked outside

We got into the car and took off siren wide open The radio was on and we listened to the calls They were routine for the first few minutes—and then

'Good God!" came the voice from the speaker The policeman at the gas station wasn't following official procedures—there was horror in his tone

'One—one of the waitresses in the cafe went out to see the snake,' he stammered ovar the police radio net She slipped past us somehow—*now the snake's got her!*"

We still had four miles to go The sheriff urged the driver to pour it on. The car's speed increased We were doing 70— then 80— 90

We hit the ground running before the squad car had even screeched to a final halt I had rope and net ready, while the sheriff had his revolver in his fist

The python was behind the cafe We ran to where a knot of people had gathered Some of them were beating at the snake with clubs and rocks—others stood and watched, horrified

A YOUNG GIRL, her clothing torn from her body lay in the python's coils I had arrived with little if any time to spare The snake hadn't yet begun to tighten its muscles—in that remorseless grip that spells the end for whatever it holds Nonetheless, the shrieking girl—who struggled and thrashed—was held fast Her normally pretty face was contorted Her dress had been peeled from her body by her struggles and she had vomitted in fear

"Get away—all of you!" I shouted. The people around tha python drew back instantly

I went for the snake's head I thrust my fingers into its eyes and gouged at them It distracted the monster and the coils loosened a bit The mouth opened and unhinged A python is not poisonous but its fangs are razor-sharp It moved fast and caught my arm!

I felt the fangs rip into my flesh, tearing and raking my arm Blood spurted Its smell and taste drove the python wild. It relaxed its hold on the girl, who dragged herself

free. Then the snake caught me! It threw one coil over me—then another.

My lacerated arm blazed with pain. The fangs had snagged in the flesh. Set in the snake's mouth at a reverse angle, they held me fast. If I tried to jerk my arm free, I would shred the flesh from the bone!

Another coil looped around me. The great muscles tightened. Blood pumped and poured from my arm. I was weakening.

"Try and shoot it in the head!" I screamed to Pat Leahy. "Shove the muzzle against the skull!"

The sheriff didn't hesitate. He sprang forward his gun ready. He took a big chance—at my expense! The heavy-caliber bullets would go through the head and probably rip into my arm inside the snake's mouth.

I braced myself. But Leahy thrust the muzzle into the brute's mouth, ramming the barrel past my arm. He fired—once. The muzzle blast seared my flesh and the snake gave a great spasmodic twist. I felt a rib crack.

Twice—three times—Leahy pulled the trigger.

As the muscles of the giant python relaxed, I passed out.

I came to in the hospital, with my arm bandaged from wrist to elbow. For a week or so they thought it would have to be amputated, so badly were flesh and tendons mangled. Three ribs were smashed.

It was not the end of the story. By the time everyone who'd been affected by the python hunt—and the waitress who'd been caught in its coils—got through filing law suits, I was flat broke. I had to sell everything I owned to pay the claims, then file bankruptcy.

I don't even live in Fairfield County any more. I talked things over with Sheriff Leahy and others—and came to the conclusion it would be better if I packed up and went elsewhere.

I'm living in St. Louis now—managing a large pet shop. I still know my business when it comes to animals—but I'm keeping away from anything that can do more damage than a house-cat.

Oh, yeah. One more thing—Jinny, the dame I had with me the night the python got loose. No. I haven't seen her since, but I did hear that she went to see Pat Leahy while I was in the hospital. She asked him if she could have the python's skin!

Pat Leahy was still a friend of mine. He threw her out of his office. ●

STAG SHOWS

(Continued from page 21)

Today, the typical road company consists of two couples, usually for the sake of the Mann Act, married, and for the same reason, traveling separately—that is in two cars. The average tour consists, on an average of a month to six weeks on the move, and covers approximately ten to a dozen towns with a total driving range of about 2,000 miles. Stops are made for anywhere from one to three nights, depending on local conditions and what the traffic will bear.

Arrangements are usually well planned ahead of time. The old, tried and true stag show circuit of a dozen years back has provided many of the girls with such a large variety of contacts, that bookings can be made on a fairly stable basis with sufficient word-of-mouth advertising and publicity to guarantee full houses for the entire stay. Where larger groups of performers are required local talent can be counted on to fill out any desired combination. And it might as well be said that this extra acting personnel is just as likely to be amateur as professional. Everybody, it seems, wants to get into the act.

The female members of the tour, are of course, invariably former, practicing prostitutes. The males as might be expected are young, heavily endowed with good health and the constitutions of stud horses. They have to be. By and large the girls as the more experienced members of the company are in complete control. They make the bookings, they handle the business arrangements, and usually the money as well. Nor is it too surprising to discover that their male partners don't last too long, sometimes even being replaced right in the middle of the tour.

A typical show plays before an average audience of about fifty, almost equally divided between men and women. In fact, about three-quarters of the audience is made up of married couples. As to the rest, it's evidently the feeling in certain areas of our society that a sex circus is an admirable thing to take in an a date! Prices run from five to ten dollars per person.

Special shows are given on demand. These cost more, twenty to fifty apiece being the going rate. On these occasions any combination of male and/or female are produced. But surprisingly reports indicate that the demand for all girl performances predominate by about three to one. A show of this sort of particular interest, was sponsored by a midwestern women's garden club. Here, the two professional members of the touring troupe were joined by the entire company of club officers to the wild cheers of the general membership. Ah, Mary Mary—what does YOUR garden grow?

NATURALLY ENOUGH some individual members of these traveling troupes run out of luck on occasion. These are the times when they not only willingly submit to interviews, but are quite content to have themselves quoted. After all, they can't be much worse off than in jail.

Sally O'H—, for example, presently an unwilling guest of one of our southwestern states is quite philosophic about the entire business. "What the Hell," she said, "I needed a rest anyway."

But on the more serious side of her profession she was quite explicit and insisted over and over again that what she was doing made good sense.

"Look" she explained. "I'm thirty-four years old. I've been on the turf off and on, since I was fifteen. I'm not kidding myself. I'm coming to the end of the line. Look at me look real close. I don't seem thirty-four, do I. It's more like fifty-four.

"So what have I got to look forward to. Walking the street that's what and lucky to find a John willing to toss me a buck—and more than likely getting beat up into the bargain. I know the score. I'm no dope. I went to high school. I would have graduated, too, if I hadn't taken my first fall. Thirty lousy days and they tossed me out. Bad moral influence they said. Oh well, that's long gone now.

"But up on the stage I don't look so bad. Makeup you know and the Johns don't get that close. And it's easier work too. Two, three half a dozen turns a night at the most. Instead of trooping up and down stairs forty to fifty times between nine o'clock and morning. The pay's better, too. Besides, I'm my own boss now. I collect it and I keep it minus the payoffs.

One of my ex-sisters-in-law, you understand, we worked for the same louse is doing the same thing I am except she's working in a house. Her pay-off peanuts. The man takes it all and gives her just enough for a pint and carfare. She puts in 90 days in the house and then moves to a new location. All the spare time she gets is what she can collect in the car driving from her old house to the new one that is if the man isn't taking some for free when she should be resting.

Me it's thirty days on and thirty off, and easy going the whole way through. And I'm saving money too. I get eighteen grand stashed away in the bank right now. A couple more years and I'll be able to buy into a house of my own. Then I'll be able to retire from the business and let other dolls work for me. That's the way to live.

Sure they preach at you sometimes when you're inside and keep urging you to reform. But you got to understand that that's their job. They get paid for it. They make their loot making speeches just like I do in my profession. Actually, if there was enough money in it I'd

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make speeches too Maybe it's OK for them, but it's not for me Anyway, if we all did reform, who'd they make speeches to Without us to preach at, the preachers would all be starving So it really works both ways. We're all in the same boat so to speak

Now you wanted to know about the clients the folks who come to see the shows Well, it's not easy to say You get a different outlook up there an the stage then when you're on the turf There I used to hate them —really hate them every last one But now I'm not so sure They're really just folks—plain ordinary folks So they like to watch how do you writers put it—guys and dolls being intimate isn't it You can print that There's nothing wrong with that word is there? Anyway, what's wrong with being curious? It's natural Everybody likes to see how it looks And they're all wanting to look at things they only read about or imagined before, things their own husbands and wives, or fellows or girl friends would never dream of doing So we show 'em how it is. And they pay for it. It's actually a service to humanity, isn't it?

And a lot of it's almost legal For instance, when they pulled me in this time, I was married to the guy They put me in jail for loving my own husband That's a laugh. If we were at home and left the windowshade up and the whole neighborhood got a free show, nobody could make a squalk But because we charge admission, make the folks pay for their entertainment, they charge us with lewd and disorderly, give him thirty days, and me, cause I got a record, they hook for six months. What kind of deal is that?

Some towns aren't half bad, though Lots of times the sheriff and the mayor and the whole town council comes to the show A little moola passes around and everybody's happy I remember one burg I worked, the mayor even brought his wife along She applauded and cheered right with the paying customers.

Don't sell women short Men think they haven't got feelings, but I can tell you that they go for our kind of performing as much as any man—some of them more so Sure we play a lot of stags, but there's many a time we played to mixed audiences, some of them with even more women then men

We had two couples in our act, me and my guy, and a friend of mine with her husband It's safer being married It's not love or anything it's just good sense County cops and the state police are bad enough without looking for a fall with Uncle We had a regular routine, six acts to a show Nothing startling A few regular things, some combos and we'd finish up with a

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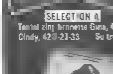

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grand finale with all of us That's when we'd invite volunteers to join in and you'd be surprised how often they did. Once the whole damned audience every man and woman of them piled up on the stage. That WAS a wild one. But we managed. We left them cheering. What more can any audience ask?"

I've tried to give you Sally's story complete—word for word as far as I could. It's typical of the outlook and attitude of hundreds of girls now taking part in similar acts and performances from coast to coast. A few details may differ, for after all no two girls have the same background or personality, but the general picture is true.

Officials in the state where Sally was serving her time generally admitted that everything she claimed was absolutely true. Off the record, they admitted too that he claims of payoffs, graft and local corruption were probably factual. One said that he knew although he couldn't prove it that certain small cities actually encourage the circuses to visit their communities. And it was reluctantly conceded that throughout that section of the country there was a solid, influential well-to-do group, that found the traveling sex circus to be just the kind of kick they were looking for. To that portion of the population, there is nothing wrong with the entire idea.

"The problem," one prosecutor stated—is that America is legally and culturally a Puritan nation. But actually, the people of America are anything but Puritan. They've got the heritage and the tradition but everyone feels more uncomfortable living up to their self-set standards than they'll admit. The proof of it is that not only do most people support prostitution—they do you know by patronizing the women to the estimate of thirty million visits a year—but that shows like this continue year after year drawing capacity audiences wherever they play. Arrests come from regular police work—almost never as a result of tips from some member of the public. Why I can give you cases of prostitutes in this very city living and working in a crowded apartment house for years with never a complaint from her neighbors—all good, substantial honest citizens. From the legal aspect, it's heartbreaking. If the people don't want us to enforce the laws why do they insist on keeping them on the books. For whenever anybody publically comes out to repeal them there's such a hue and cry you'd suspect there was a viper in their midst. Human nature—who knows. Anyway I enforce the law as it's written. I'm not interested in social reasoning."

If anything is even more astounding than the widespread section of the population that attends the circuses it's the number of people who come back to see the shows again and again. After all, how often can you see anything new. For the most part, when you've been to one, that's it. There's just so much that's possible. But the audience not only revels in the acts, but often insists on seeing one or more reels of movie film as an encore—and then comes back the next night or the next week to see another show featuring just about the very same things. It's like kids and cowboys. Either they get a special thrill out of watching or they're just plain gluttons for punishment.

But the average audience rarely tends to self-analysis. "Why do I like it?" answered one man. "What do you mean why? I just do, that's all. It gives me a kick. When I get home I'm just like a kid again. It's great. Now mind you, not that I don't think youngsters ought to be kept away from this sort of thing but for regular folks, who are mature and married what's wrong with it? Besides, everybody goes to the shows, so why shouldn't I?"

And a woman viewer said "Sure, the first time I saw it, I was shocked. It seemed awful, terrible. I almost felt sick. But then gradually all that, it did things to me. It made me behave in ways I'd never even thought of before. That part was good. So I went again. And I wasn't shocked the second time. I knew what was coming. It was terrific. I'm going to see every show I can from now on. I'm not going to be bashful about what I like. This is for me, that's all."

Granted that these statements don't seem to add up to very much. It is still a fact that now more than ten million Americans a year are willing to part with their hard-earned cash—not only willing but eager—for the sake of supporting groups who will perform in sex circuses. There is nothing sectional, or racial about these people. They come from everywhere in the country, from every income and social level. They are typical in every sense of the word.

To date the circus industry is not large, not when compared to other sections of organized vice. But it a growing and growing rapidly. It has been estimated that both in numbers of performers and audiences it has more than doubled in the last two years. It's expected that it will treble again in the next two. At that rate it may well be a billion dollar business by 1970.

Like em or not the sex circus seems with us to stay. And if the average American is to be believed—when questioned in private—he like's 'em. What that means, we'll leave to the sociologists. As far as the rest of us are concerned, all the can be said is, there it is. You decide.

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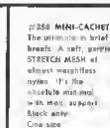

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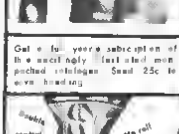

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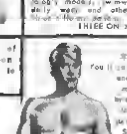

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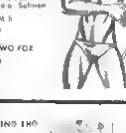

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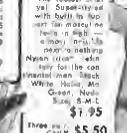

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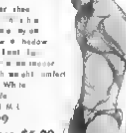

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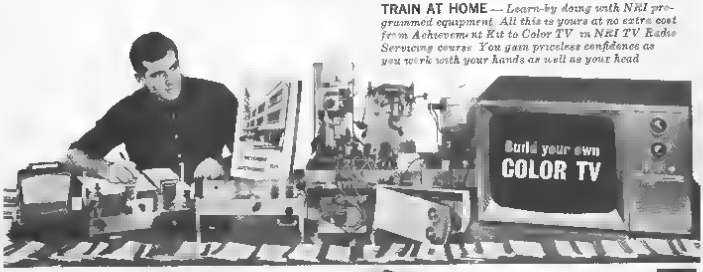

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